Molly Mouse Snaps Her Temper
By Yu May

Molly Mouse had been playing in the woods behind the church for hours, chasing after butterflies and climbing trees with her new friend Daniel Deermouse. Molly was an adventurous and curious little church mouse, with white fur, bright blue eyes, and a long pink tail. Daniel lived in the woods behind the church with the Deermouse family, who all had large black eyes and nut-brown fur.

Suddenly, they heard a rustling noise coming from the church trash cans. They approached cautiously, and soon spotted a raccoon digging through the trash. From his tail, they could tell it was Mr. Rascal, who despite his eccentric habit of eating trash was friendly to all the mice in the neighborhood.

"Hey, Mr. Rascal, what are you doing?" asked Molly.

The raccoon looked up, startled. "Oh, hello there, little ones. I'm just looking for some scraps to eat," he said, grinning slyly.

Daniel looked at the food in the trash cans and wrinkled his nose. "Yuck, that looks gross!"

Mr. Rascal chuckled. "Looks can be deceiving, my dear boy. Some of the best meals I've ever had were from the trash. But more importantly, I'm nourishing my mind!"

Molly looked at Mr. Rascal curiously. "Whatever do you mean?"

In answer, the old raccoon dug his face into the trash, his striped tail twitching madly. "I mean you can learn all sorts of things by digging through these treasure cans! It's a cultural education! Oh, look what I found!"

He surfaced from the trash, clutching a rubber band. "Humans call this a 'snapper', you know! They use it to test their strength, and for exercise!" He pulled the band taut and let it snap back against his paw. "See? It's quite fun."

Molly and Daniel watched, fascinated. "Can we play too?" asked Molly.

“Sure thing, m’dear! If you find it, you can keep it." Cleverly wrapping the band around his hand, Mr. Rascal fired it into the grass with a mischievous grin.

Daniel quickly spotted the band and dashed over to grab it. "I found it!" he said, holding it up triumphantly.

Molly pouted, feeling left out. She tugged on the band, hoping to get a turn. But as she pulled, Daniel let go by accident, and the band snapped back against her nose.

Molly felt a hot rage boil up inside her. “You did that on purpose, Daniel!”
How could Daniel be so careless? He ruined everything!

Without thinking, Molly pulled the band back and snapped it at Daniel's tail. He yelped and ran away, holding his behind.

I’m sorry to say that when Molly heard Daniel yelp, she thought it was very funny indeed. Her paws were too small to fire the rubber band the way Mr. Rascal had done, but Molly held one end with her left paw to aim, and stretched it back with her right paw with all her might. When she let the band fly, it whizzed through the air and smacked across Daniel’s tail so hard, he stumbled and fell forward.

“You’ve been a bad boy, Daniel Deermouse!” teased Molly. “You deserve to be spanked!”

And with that, Molly sat on Daniel’s back, facing his upturned tail. Using her feet to hold the snapper in place against the ground, she raised the band with both hands and sent it snapping down on poor Daniel’s bottom, again and again.

“Ow! Owch! Please, stop it, Molly! It was an accident, I promise!” pleaded Daniel, crying and blubbering. He was a sensitive little soul and felt quite sorry for snapping Molly on the nose.

But the more Daniel wailed and begged, the funnier he looked to Molly. She had been spanked before, and had always wondered what it would be like to give a spanking rather than receive one.

“I’m going to spank you until you can’t sit down for a month, Daniel Deermouse!” tittered Molly.

Molly's parents heard the commotion and rushed outside to see what was going on. They were horrified to see Molly sitting on top of Daniel, laughing and snapping the rubber band.

Mama took Molly firmly by the paw and marched her home, scolding her for hurting her friend. Papa carried Daniel home, where Mama comforted him and made sure Daniel wasn't lastingly hurt.

Molly's heart sank. She knew she was in trouble. What would her punishment be? Mama and Papa sat down with Molly and read to her from the Bible about the importance of forgiveness and kindness. “Vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord, I will repay,” read Papa.

Molly listened carefully, feeling ashamed of what she had done.

Mama turned the pages of the Bible to the Gospel of Matthew and read, “But I say unto you, that whoever shall be angry with his brother without a just cause shall be in danger of the judgment.”

“But Daniel is not my brother?” asked Molly curiously.

“Daniel is your neighbor and brother in Christ. What you did to him was very naughty,” explained Papa.

“If he had done the same thing to you, how would you feel?” asked Mama.

“I suppose…my bottom would hurt?” guessed Molly.

Daniel told the story from the beginning. Now that he had stopped crying, he seemed to think it was all a very exciting adventure. “And then she told me I had been a naughty mouse, and naughty mice get punished!”

“Did she?” said Papa, looking over at Molly as she fidgeted on her wooden stool. “Well, Daniel, I agree with Molly. Naughty little mice should get punished!”

Papa took Molly over his knee and spanked her soundly with his paw. Molly had been spanked before, but she had never been spanked while a boy was watching. As she looked into Daniel’s eyes, she couldn’t tell if he was looking at her with pity or satisfaction.

“Now, Daniel, watch closely. One day you may be a papa, and will have to spank a naughty little mouse like Molly. See how I’m spanking Molly over her skirt? This is usually more than enough to correct minor misbehavior, like forgetting to tidy up. Also, I never spank in anger. Certainly, I’m spanking hard enough to teach Molly a lesson she won’t soon forget, but I find a slow, steady pace gives Molly a chance to reflect and think about what she has done. Isn’t that right, Molly?”

“Yes, Papa!” mewed Molly, burying her face in her paws. She had been trying to close her eyes and pretend Daniel was not watching her, but Papa was giving her plenty of time to think about just that between each spank.

To her horror, Papa flipped up her skirt, so that her white bloomers were presented to Daniel. Molly’s eyes went wide, then shut tight as Papa continued both her spanking and his explanation. “You must make the punishment suit the crime. Molly’s dress didn’t misbehave. Molly did, and now her bottom must pay a price! As you can see, Molly’s already reacting quite differently. This would do for a moderate offense. However, for serious misbehavior, such as lying, disobedience, or bullying, I’m afraid a long, hard spanking is in order. And for that…” Papa neatly undid the buttons on Molly’s bloomers and tugged them down.

Molly blushed furiously and tried to cover her bottom with a paw. “No! Papa, please! Wait until Daniel is gone!”

But a strong smack from Papa reminded Molly to keep her hands away and not argue. Molly caught a glimpse of Daniel, but couldn’t bear to look him in the eyes. Her lip trembling, Molly gripped the wooden legs of the stool and turned her face away to stare at the wall.

But no matter how hard she tried to pretend Daniel wasn’t there, she still heard Daniel’s curious voice chime in. “You spank Molly on her bare botty? My parents never do that with me!”

Papa stroked his chin, absentmindedly. “Of course! For a longer punishment, it’s absolutely essential! Now where was I? Ah, yes!”

With that, Papa resumed his remonstration on child rearing and his demonstration on his child’s rear. “In the first place, it allows me to make sure I’m neither spanking Molly too hard, nor too softly. You see how Molly’s bottom is only a little pink so far? Furthermore, it helps act as reinforcement and a reminder. It reminds her what she did

wrong. It reminds her to not struggle against her fate. And the next time she is tempted to lose her temper, the memory of this moment will remind her to control herself.
It was shameful of Molly to hurt her friend so cruelly. Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Molly?"

Molly gasped out between tears, more from humiliation than from the pain. "Yes, papa. Ouch! I'm so sorry! I'll remember!"

Papa nodded, and returned his attention to Daniel. But he did not stop delivering the steady pattern of smacks. "You see, Daniel! To help Molly learn to control her temper, she must be taught humility. Pride goeth before destruction. And there's no better cure for pride than a good, bare bottom spanking!"

Papa waited until he heard Molly start to cry and apologize to Daniel through her tears before standing her up. "That will do for a warm-up, I think. Mama, be a dear and use Molly's tail to reinforce the lesson. I'm going to call Daniel's mother and father."

Mama nodded obediently, and taking her daughter by the hand, Mama grasped Molly's tail and lifted slightly. Molly gasped and stood dancing on her tiptoes, as Mama whipped Molly's tail through the air like a lasso to spank her again. Molly cried and apologized, feeling miserable, as she hopped in a circle around her mother unable to escape her own tail. Through her tears, Molly caught a glimpse of Daniel, trying very hard to look serious and scrunching up his face. Molly just knew he was trying not to smile, and the thought of how silly she looked hurt every bit as much as her own tail whipping against her.

Mama finished spiraling Molly's tail in a pinwheel motion, and delivered three sharp cracks to finish Molly's second spanking. Apparently, Mama was as good with a bullwhip as she was with a lasso. As Molly stood in the corner in timeout, her bloomers dangling around her foot paws and her dress pinned up in the back to display her bright pink hindquarters, she heard Papa talking on the telephone. "I'm so sorry, Mrs. Deermouse. Molly will be punished for her behavior. In fact, Mrs. Mouse has just put her in the corner for time out after a right proper tail whipping!"

When Mrs. Deermouse arrived to check on Daniel, Molly's parents apologized again for Molly's behavior. "We will make sure she never thinks of doing this again," said Mama.

Mrs. Deermouse nodded solemnly. "I'm glad Daniel is okay. But Molly certainly does need to learn to control her temper."

Mama brought out a tray of tea and snacks, and everyone sat down to discuss the whole story and Molly's punishment. Molly fidgeted nervously, wondering what was going to happen.

“I’m glad to see that old-fashioned discipline has not died out!” proclaimed Mrs. Deermouse, gesturing to Molly in the corner. “Mr. Deermouse and I are firm believers that a firm hand builds a firm character!”

“Really? Perhaps you should take a turn with Molly! She might benefit from feeling another parent’s approach,” proposed Papa.

“Oh, you flatter me! You and Mrs. Mouse have done such a thorough job. Just look at her pink little backside! It matches her tail!”

“Yes, but there are so many possible creative approaches to discipline,” chimed in Mama. “Just look at this strange band Molly used.”

“Why, that’s wickedly clever! Your Molly has the makings of a good mother!”

Mama shook her head as she looked at Molly in the corner, and clicked her tongue. “Only if she learns to control that nasty temper of hers!”

Mrs. Deermouse took a dainty sip of chamomile tea. “You know, Mr. Deermouse and I should ask Mr. Rascal to find one of these snappers for us. I’d love to try one on Daniel when he’s naughty!”

Mama giggled. “Well, you could try it right now!”

Mama and Mrs. Deermouse snickered and clapped politely like two little girls. “An excellent suggestion, Mrs. Mouse! Do you mind, Mr. Mouse?”

“Be my guest, Mrs. Deermouse! Molly, come out of the corner and come see Mrs. Deermouse!” ordered Papa.

Molly turned and faced Mrs. Deermouse, who was playing with the “snapper” with a look of pure delight. Molly caught a glimpse of Daniel again and blushed as his mother wrapped the rubber band around Molly's waist like a belt, securing it tightly. Then Mrs. Deermouse guided Molly over to the sofa and lifted her up to bend her over its arm.

Molly's eyes widened in confusion and fear as she realized what was about to happen. She was going to get the exact same treatment she had given Daniel. It had seemed so funny to her when Daniel was on the receiving end!

Mrs. Deermouse stretched the band with both hands, lifting Molly’s bottom higher into the air from the tension, and released it with a snap! It stretched across the length of her bottom, and for a mouse Molly’s size, it covered about one third of her backside.

"Now Daniel, it’s your turn! Pull the snapper," Mrs. Deermouse said warmly.

Daniel hesitated for a moment, but then pulled the rubber band taut. It snapped against Molly's bottom, causing her to cry out in pain. "Please stop, I'm sorry!"

"You spanked Daniel. It’s only fair that he gets to spank you. You need to learn your lesson, Molly," Papa scolded her.

Daniel and Mrs. Deermouse took turns pulling the rubber band, and each time Molly pleaded to no avail. Tears streamed down her face as she realized how wrong she had been to seek revenge on her friend. After only five snaps, her rear was completely covered in thick, angry red welts. "I'm sorry, Daniel! I promise I'll never do it again." But Mrs. Deermouse wanted to be thorough, and after ten snaps, Molly was bawling so hard, she couldn’t even apologize.

Mrs. Deermouse turned to Daniel. “What do you say, Daniel? I’ll let you decide if Molly’s been punished enough.”

Daniel carefully pulled down the rubber band, and examined the deep crimson marks covering his friend’s backside. Molly’s breath fluttered through her tears as she felt the rubber band stretch again. She was so tired, she could only lay there and wait for Daniel to determine her doom. She wanted to shed more tears, but her eyes felt just as red and puffy as her posterior.

As Daniel pulled the rubber band down her legs and past her feet, Molly caught a hazy glimpse of him raising his paw. In her heart, Molly considered her mixed feelings. “Thank goodness! He’s going to finish with a hand spanking, just like Papa showed him. I don’t think I could take any more snaps from that horrible snapper. He’s taking it easy on me, after I did worse to him! Well, another hand spanking is the least I deserve!” Molly buried her face in the thick cushions of the sofa, and raised her bottom high to present Daniel his target. She concentrated her thoughts on being obedient and showing Daniel she could hold still.

To her surprise, she only felt three gentle love taps, first on one cheek, then the other. “There, I think you’ve been spanked enough for one day, Molly.”

Molly looked back to find Daniel beaming. Finally, her punishment was over.

Daniel's mother helped Molly up and hugged her. "It's okay, Molly. I forgive you."

Mama and Papa nodded in agreement.

"We're glad you've learned your lesson, Molly," said Mama.

"Revenge is never the answer," said Papa.

As Molly Mouse stood up after her punishment, she winced and rubbed her sore backside with her paws. Her once smooth and plump bottom was now marked with red stripes that contrasted sharply against her white fur. The welts were thick and raised, running in straight lines from one cheek to the other, evidence of the rubber band's precise aim.

Molly's eyes were red-rimmed from tears, and her whiskers drooped as she felt a mix of pain and shame. Her ears were folded back, and she looked at the ground, avoiding eye contact with anyone. Her breathing was ragged, and she tried to control her sobs as she fought through the lingering pain.

Despite the pain, there was a sense of relief on her face as she felt the punishment had been just and that she had learned her lesson. She hugged Daniel and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek, remembering how he’d spared her one last round of spanking.

Molly sniffled and wiped away her tears. "I understand, Mama and Papa. I'm sorry, Daniel. Thank you for spanking me!"

Papa pulled her close and hugged her tightly. "We forgive you, Molly. We all make mistakes."

Molly's heart swelled with gratitude as she realized how much her family and friends loved her, even when she had sinned. "Thank you, Papa! I love you."

“I love you too, Molly," Papa said, patting her on the back. "Now that your punishment is over, you may join us for tea and cakes!” Molly and Daniel both sat on cushions and

enjoyed tea together, having agreed to put the painful experience behind them and go back to being the fastest of friends.

As Molly sat and shared a delightful tea time with Daniel, she considered how her actions had led her down the wrong path and what she could do differently next time. She knew that the stinging pain on her bottom would soon fade, but the lesson would stay with her for a long time.

Mama and Papa decided to keep the snapper, hanging it up in the closet, as a reminder for Molly about not losing her temper. Mr. and Mrs. Deermouse were able to get their own snapper from Mr. Rascal, and Molly and Daniel stayed on their best behavior for quite a while.

Epilogue

Molly never spanked Daniel again, but the next time they played house, she remembered how he had spared her from another spanking. She invited Daniel to play the Papa. Sometimes Molly would play the Mama, and sometimes Molly would play the little girl. Molly pretended to be naughty, and suggested that Daniel spank her, just like her Papa had showed him.

Slow to take the hint, Daniel put Molly's rag doll Dolly across his lap and prepared to spank it before Molly stopped him.

"No, silly, I'm playing Dolly."

"But I thought you were playing Mama?"

"Well, I'm playing both, and anyway, Papa said you should practice for when you're a Papa one day." Molly settled herself across Daniel's lap as they rested on the soft grass, and lifted her skirt dutifully. "Make sure you do your job well, like Papa showed you."

Giggling, Daniel tried to act stern and spanked Molly, not too harshly, but not too gently either, just like he had been taught.

It became one of Molly and Daniel's favorite games. I'm happy to say Molly and Daniel got married once they grew up, but that's another story.

The End